or bug glances exchanged at every step among miffs of conservation; and that persistent and fearless struggle inspired by the courage of fear-are all these anything but sympof the deadly disease gunwing at the root of the monarchy? Such a struggle is possible on on the brink of an abyss. If w do not logs a storm, we make no effort at shelter.

to Spanish Court dines, sports, and shines. This young King exhibits himself, a perfect Lorseman. These great ladies wear their coregracefully. They amuse themselve La Granja; they onjoy the fair at Aranjuez; they whisper of senndala; they pity Quoen Mercedes, late wife the King; on the sister of Alphonse they bestow looks of hatred, while with servitity they kiss her hand; they study the Austrian the new Queen, whose simple pride they can nover subdue; they accuse this or that Minister of being the too faithful guardian of the Kingand they say that the Dukes aid in killing has tands who were not sufficiently complain sait. The Queen mother has her party, the on sister hers, and so has the Queen wife, and the other Queen who is dead, though the tast, has now the few at partisons of all; but on the very day when the Princess Marie Christine was married to that elegant young man who is entled, and always with a smile, the King, mass

was celebrated in honor of that poor girl whom

people loved so well.

Way did the people, in whom scorn and batred of their Kings are always active, love her? Because they saw in the eyes of Mercedes all those beautiful qualities which are strangors to palaces. She was a white soul, without spot ad without bitterness, her eyes all life movements all simplicity. She would never have been as courageous as Maria de Molina no: as brave as Isabella, the Catholic. She was one of those doves created to give the idea of gentic colors, to charm all eyes, and to perish The Court devoured the dove. She, so destitute of ambitton, became the object of narrod among all those with whom ambition was the ruling motive. Nobility, serenity, freshness of heart, are rescated, like a personal injury, by those who do not possess them. This young woman seemed to have been born only to breathe the pure air and to live un ler the blue sky. Her angelic face, a magnet of sympathy and love, was the face of a suffering wife, a gentle invalid, a violet of Parma, dving far away from her favorite friends. the orange trees of Seville. Her perfumed soul was smothered in an atmosphere where the misories of shows poverty and of crushed projestill excite the ambition, the appetites, and the passions of those who are in baste to make their way, lest the ruins of the coming etorm may debar them forever.

Queen Mercedes was, as it were, a standard s : up in the arena by the partisans of her father and the frustrated aspirants for roys power. She had been chosen as the symbol of a political programme. She was the signal for the return of Spanish history to September 1868, when those who afterward prepared this political marriage tried to raise her father to the throne, and at what cost!

Whenever she went out to take the frou air the growd gathered in public places. They saluted her with their eyes even more than with their hats. For the mothers she was a daughter for the young men a sister. A sort of halo sur rounded her simple and kindly features. The truth is that misfortune always has a right to public sympathy. There is a fraternity among the unhappy. The weak lean upon each other The conspiracy of saddened eyes and of sealed lips is most formidable. In politics the heart often gains causes that force has lost. Was the young Queen unhappy? The eyes were apparently brightened with gathering tears, but did they ever really weep? Did the plaintive amile come from the heart? She languished sho grow weaker; she was dving. People said so many things. They spoke of the rudeness of the King, of his sister, that haughty widow of the harsh manner in which she endeavored to crush the authority of her cousin, Mercedes and of the submission of the one contrasted with the cruelty of the other. They spoke of the sorrows of the wife, of the amorous intrigues of Alphonso, of the discouragement of the deceived woman, of that accusation of provincialism of which she was con ject at the palace, of a phrase of the King's eister: "Here I am the Queen, and you are only the Queen consort." The pallor of the young girl seemed to justify the public fear. If the expression of the countenance translates the feeling of the soul, what was said was true. A courteous and disdainful indifference is the characteristic expression of the King. A hosof his sister and there was always a kind of cloud over the patient countenance of Queen Mercedes. Did she die of the evil of life? Did she die of fever? Did she die, according to a current calumny, of some one of the resources of ancient tragedy? Was she the victim of the cumable vanity of the first physician, a man of sendence science, who was not willing to vield to another the honor of the last certificate? However this may be, she died, and her sister. who was also destined to the King, died after her; and the King took for his second wife an Austrian princess.

The princess was his true love," said those who had formerly painted in the most epithaic colors the youthful love of the daughter of Montpensier. But whence came this first When the King was at Vienna, he was but a child. At the age of 14, a palace-bred girl is a woman; in exile she is a child. Macians only can make an Alexander and a Louis Egulité out of a young man who mounts his fine horses gracefully and drives them skilfally. The young King's hand is sure. Riding at his side or driving with him, you may safely confide in his skill. He drives out with the blonde Marie Christine nearly every even ing. She reclines in a corner of the carriage and austerely smiles. Outward accidents and the conditions of life give to the eyes an expression which reveals the habits and the nature of the person. Thus it is that this young Queen appears to have been Queen for a long time, and this young King appears as one who has but this moment become King.

On Saturdays thay go to the Salva. All the royal family, preceded by those elegant Spanish cavaliers on magnificent black horses, traverse the street of the Arenal, where the good King Amadeus narrowly escaped assassi nation; the Carrier of San Gerontmo, leading to the Cortes; and that long promenade of the Prado, sown thick with fountains and mytho logical figures. The growd does not gather to see the man whom it does not regard as definitely its sovereign. The less frivolous, piqued with curiculty or spurred by a spirit of fault-finding. fringe the side walks to see the splendid cortege pass. On this occasion the King does not drive. He watches the uncovered heads. Here and there a respectful partisan salutes his young master with a Chinese inclination. On these great featival days the women who sell chestnuts on the street and boys, well paid for their enthusiasm, shout with all their throats." Vice el Reu !" or, as we once heard a poor old woman. entirely devoted to the work, exclaim, " Vira st Majesiad Alfonso XI., Rey de Espagna para toda

In the days of the Salve picturesque groups all the environs of the Boyal Church of the Atocha. The Spaniards, with their loud laughter, in bright-colored robes, supple and grace ful, always form such groups. This church is the oldest and most miserable of the temples of Spain, the country of temples. Tattered banners, souvenirs of by-gone days, tempi passati, as Victor Emanuel used to say, are bung out on the summit of the walls. But how old

are those flags of victory, how ancient is the old shurch of kings, how rusty is all this splendid pomp of the paince, and how difficult it must be for the politicians to warm up a young monarchy in a cradic of rutus ! The whole thing, the sombre navo, the dilapidated old church, the sterile surroundings, the arid plain, have somewhat the air of winding sheets. It must cold indeed for children wrapped in such

There in that old church repose the remains of Gen. Prim, the man of the iron arm, of the fearless eye, and the statesman's head. There he lies under his own statue, made of iron like himself, and outlined in gold and sliver, shining as though the artists wished to symbolize the erois and magnificent traits that illuminated at intervals the life of a soldier who was the conqueror of kings. This monument, the wonderful work of the factory of Eibar, where they make the handsomest revolvers and the nost marvellous sword canes in the world, is visited by all the friends of art; and it is there, in fine, where nearly all those who now kneel before Queen Isabelia, because her son, like a king of the nineteenth century, does not permit people to bend the knee to him, kneel also with bliter regrets before the tomb of the man who drove the Queen from Spain,

A month or more ago the court celebrated the Meial news of the approaching birth of the Prince of Asturias, and went to Atoeha to pray. They covered the fron monument with a rich drapery. Useless precaution. They cover with draperies the human dust, but the spirit which mimated if, turned into a storm, thunders at the gate. The sword of Gen. Prim flashes in

But the days of bull fights-los dias de torosare the real festivals. "The King! the King!" the people shout in the streets. He must then go to bull fights to be a genuine monarch! What a crowd and what The dust during those days is ike powder. The entire town is like one family. All are in the streets. One catches something of the odor of battles. These bull lighting festivals must be good for making soldiers. Is it cruelty, or is it courage? During those evenings when the summer sky is streaked with blood red, the Spaniards speak petter and the Spanish ladies look better. One would think that the people had just awoke and were greeting each other. Fraternity, somewhat wanting outside of the circus, exists within it wanting outside of the circus, the fact to perfection. It is a sad reflection. They are to perfect in the face of ucata, but they deny prothers in the face of death, b

It is true that these festivals, so well beloved by he sons of the Tagus, have been hardships for strangers. The Archduchess Isabelle, the of Marie Christine, arriving in the first day at the Plaza de Toros, did not even try to concoal her disgust when blood began to flow, and abandoned the royal box. On the following day, when the procession, made brilliant under the rays of a Madrid sun with the diamonds of the ladies and the decorations of the cavaliers, went to the plaza, the Archduchess Isabelle, in a modest carriage, visited the Museum del Prado; and while the poor daughter, doing her duty as Queen of the Spaniards, forced upon her countenance contracted smiles and with the ivory of her fan concealed her horror, the mother was admiring the Drunkards" of Velasquez and the "Spasimo" During these days the Austrian visitors saw

queer specimens of the manners of the country. One is well worth notice. In those dark cafes, where the thick smoke of Spanish cigars fills the atmosphere; in ill-looking saloons, such as are to be found in all great cities, where the weariness of honesty and the temptations of vice suggest the thoughts of crime made casy by the probability of success; amid the vapors of wine and the love of women, they dance and sing in a manner quite genuine, somewhat Andalusian, somewhat Bohemian, and somewhat Arabian. It is the dance of sensuality. It is the song of a licentiousness proud and indomitable. It is the woman brute that lives in the sunlight. It is the Adam of Espronceda in his philosophical elevation. It is the stormy passion of the Salada, that other creation of the poet, under the perfume with which genius envelops its monsters. It is the unbridled jubilee of coarse desires. It is the melodious song of the appetite. But all that is charming in the homes of the Bohemians, of the Gitanos, in the Quartier de Triuna at Seville, in the old retreats of Malaga, and in the sombre houses of Saragossa, becomes revolting when the Oriental and lan guishing poetry of the vassals of Hassan is converted into the shameless provocations of meretricious women. These are the people, and among them are many extremely handsome, who are quietly brought into the presence of the King at night. They say that he is always most affable. We have the report of a handsome singer on that point. There is at Madrid a director of a theatre who knows very well what pleases kings. With closed doors he propares this little national festival. The men dance with the utmost artistic indecency. It is impossible for them, from the force of habit, to dance in any other way. The men sing couplets, sometimes deep, sometimes filled with a sweet sadness, and occasionally overseasoned with indecorum. They refresh themselves with Xeres and Mansanilla The King drinks, touching glasses with the male singers in black jackets and with the women in linen dresses and red cloaks. He jokes in the piquant language of the people, and even goes so far as to flatter the instinct of mockery which the lower classes cultivate toward foreigners. Next day the Flamencos, as they are called, as though they were all born in Flanders, deciare that there is no better king than King Alfonso. It is a pity that Queen Isabella his mother, the Due de Montpensier his uncle, and the Spanish people, his people, do not think so. These danseuses, with unusual developments, and dresses hardly clean, are

the same that failed to be successful in the feast of Paris-Murcia. During the months that followed the marriage of the King, the royal couple were seen everywhere. Calderon received more honor than Cervantes in the Theatre Espagnol, which is to Madrid what the Comedie Française is to Paris, the sacred home of national art. Some times the royal couple went to the Comedia, a very pretty little theatre. There the ladies go in charming negligé. It is a tacit rendezvous. Nobody fails to be present. The fans of the ladies and the hats of the young men are there the real actors. Nevertheless there are in this theatre some very fine actors after the simple and elegant French style. Mario, who dresses so well, is there. La Tubau, as they call her in the language of the theatre, knows how to wear a low-neck dress becomingly, and plays with true dignity. La Valverde, a woman with a voice like a cannon, always causes laughter. It is here to this sort of Palais Royal that the Spanish Kings go during those happy days

when life has the perfume of orange blossoms. which soon dies away. One evening-I remember it well-the Queen who is handsome, succeeded in making hersel. pretty. Beauty has a duty. It pleases. She wished to please. It is a genuine talent that can bring down nature itself to the needs of politics Christine has learned the difficult art of making herself up skilfully. She does not follow the fashion. She makes it followher. She chooses what becomes her best. Her complexion is sometimes reddish-an Austrian reminiscence that should be forgotten when a woman wishes to be Queen of the Spaniards. She loves light colors, the creme legère, the rose Pompadour, and the beautiful blue sky. She likes long corsages and simple dresses. She dresses her hair very plainly. In her blonde treases she plants white flowers and sometimes dia nonds. Flowers, enriched with diamonds like dewdrops, always constitute her decorations. They are simple. They are prutty. It is not that she despises la toilette. On the contrary, she shows that she understands it. The way to

attract attention is not to seek it. When they do not go to applaud the dramatic authors or the toreros, these spoiled children of the people go into the private box of the great Theatre d'Orient. There they hear Gayarre, o whom they are so justly proud. This short and

beavy Spaniard, modest and amiable, has the roice of Rubini. He has not the wonderful skill of Tamberlik, the Moses of song, nor the masterly power of Nicotini, nor the steel-like voice of Stagno, but when one hears him all the troubles of the world are forgotten. Nilsson alls him "the greatest tenor in the workt. The King always applicate him. When up the curtain to saluto him. which happens eight or ten times n an evening, he gives two bows, one for the King and the other for a lady in a box under the King. The lady is More, Buchental. She knows how to chat and to listen. She is unostentations and somewhat like Mme. Edmond Adam is at Paris. The high society of intelligonce is always at her house. She is the only woman that applauds in the theatre. At ner house one is sure to find, in the most friendly conversation, those who have just crossed their words like flashing swords at the tribune. Realism, idealism, prejudice, and free thought, academical and revolutionary art, all shake hands at Mme. Buchental's. She is never importuned by that interested homage which takes away the true charm of worally friend-ship. She is respected and loved, she is rich and she is good. E-hegaray, Castelar, Namez. de Arce, Campronmor, the chiefs of all schools, the heads of all parties, take at her table the good soup of friendship.

The King enters the theatre at 9 o'clock in the evening. The orchestra do not play the Marcha Real. They play it only when he is roing out. He garrotes Otero, he garrotes Oliva, he dismembers, by mennees and persecutions applied by the mysterious European reval hands in this final struggle of peoples with their kings, the grand modern ideas. The workngmen are persecuted, journals are suppressed, the republic is called a crime, the destruction of human freedom is attempted, the language used in Parliament is the language of scourges; but for all that the King must appear to be a little democratic. He must dress himself like a young man of the world, drink the wine of the country with the singers, send the Min-lsters to visit the wounded matadors, and only

listen to the Marcha Real once in the evening. A great deal might be said of this Court of Spain. At the close of the last year a grave question arose: Whether the Queen's linen should be washed by her own Austrian washer woman or by a Spanish washerwoman? It was proclaimed that it would wound the national dignity to the heart's core if a Spanish washerwoman did not get the job. In this sease ques-tion the sister of me ailig, naturally enough, mained the rights of Spain.

In the streets the gamins insulted indies who wore the big plumed hats with the side thrown back, in imitation of the one that Makart, the Vienna painter, designed for Obristine. gamins shouted to the ladies; "Anda, Auacal" In the shops the portraits of Martings Campos, the political lion of the day, are found beside those of the matador Frascuelo, the most popular man in Spain, who knools with arms folded before the bull or throws himself upon the ground at the feet of the brute, to arouse

the enthusiasm of the crowd. They are worthy of being known, these peo ple who have strength and grace without unmerited happiness. They suffer from the cvilthey do. The storm which thunders in the distance, the elements composing it, the Queen mother who, in spite of everything, still remains Queen, the Virgin of Paloma, who a few months since became a political personars. the smell of powder that is breathed, the slow but threatening movements of the Spanish emocracy, the recent great feast of the approaching birth of the son of the King, who will never be King, the marriage feast where Isabella cried so much, and where Mercedes was so much regretted, and the astonishing ranown of the two heroes of the arena-Fras cuelo and Lagartijo-more than once saluted from the private boxes by the pretty little shoe of a Countess, thrown into the arena-all those are worth a future chapter.

GREEN MOUNTAIN ELOQUENCE.

How Gen. Atwood of Monkton, Vt., Seconded a Friend's Nomination for State Senator. MIDDLEBURY, Vt., June 22 .- The Addison County Republican Convention was held recently in this pretty village, and in passing through, we decided to go to it. We had the pleasure of listening to a unique and telling speech by a flood-wood orator, with a military title, from one of the rural mountain towns, which is worthy of preservation among the county rolles. curt house where the Convention was held is a large, white, frame building, somewhat in need of repairs. The hall was packed with a good-looking body of men, whose appearance denoted a more than average degree of intelli-Soon after the organization of the Convention, a gentleman was put in nomination for State Senator, and the nomination was promptly seconded. At this point a rural deleate, with a shining face, long hair, and standing six feet in his stockings, arose and said, Mr. Chairman!"

The Chair brought his mallet down upon the esk, and said, "Listen to Gen. Atwood of Monkton." The orator spoke as follows:

Mr. President—Sir: It is with a depth of emotional pride and pleasure, altogether beyond the wealth and power of words to express, that I now rise in this Convention, and on this occasion to get up and say that I heartily seed ond the nomination of that most distinguished individual, the Hon. Edward S. Dana, into I Lemon Fair, but now of the inore favored spot known as the "Deacon Squire's place." In the town of New Haven, near Monkton, Vermont. Nothing sir, in this world or in Denver or Deadwood could give me no greater bride or delight (if I know my heart) than to discharge this agreeable and willing duty to a friend and meritorious fellow citizen of ind Vermont herself, and I may add, sir, without lear of gainsaying or contradiction, here or eisewhere, a fellow citizen of old Vermont herself, and I may add, sir, without lear of gainsaying or contradiction, here or eisewhere, a fellow citizen of the whole world, and of all mankind. His name, his fame, and his renown, as a brilliant star of Vermont, and more particularly in the galaxy of her political firmament which bends over us from Camel's Hump to Mount Marcy on the west, and to Mount Washington on the east, are known and read of all men, women, and children, and will be shouted in prose and sung in poetry in braises everlasting. His fame and praises will breathe forth in song in the dark foreats and mining regions and "deep tanglad with wood" of the Biack Hills of Montana—the hils and vales of Nevada and Colorado—the citics and saloons and hotels of Sacramento, San Francisco, Shanghal, and Chicagoe, long after those hills and vales and cities and saloons. Shanghal, and Chicagoe, one after those hills and vales and cities and saloons of the Northwest. Chicago, one after those hills and vales and cities and saloons of the Montana the Misselstept in the Misselstept in the dark foreats and the misselstept in the past few months. I have prevent his Mr. President. I have travered this centinent from Monkton Pond westwardly across the great lakes, the Misselstep Mr. President-Sir: It is with a depth emotional pride and pleasure, altogether b and the wealth and power of words to expres lighted care were saluted by an carnest inquir-about the distinguished individual who bear the honored and cuphonious name of Elwar S. Dana. Mr. President, we can crown our selves, our county, and our State with gierr un-approachable by nominating and electing him

Dorothy or Barbara-Which ! From the St. Nicholas. DOBOTHY DUMP.

Dorothy Dump, Dorothy Dump, Sat in her palace feriorn, She ate moses and counted her money. And moped from morn to morn, What a dolorous world "said Dorothy Dump, What a delerous world | Page 1997 "I wish I had never been burn!" Who'll be Derothy Damp? BARBANA BRIGHT.

Barbara Bright, Barbara Bright,
Tailed for the wrenthed and poor,
Ede gave them money and fed them with honey,
And taught them fact to be truer,
Whata beautiful world; said Barbara Bright;
"Tas good to be living, I'm adde.)
Who'll be Barbara Bright;

OLD-TIME IRISH ELECTIONS.

and Banisa wrote his "O'llura Tains."

THE SUN, SUNDAY, JUNE 27, 1880.

Fun, Picheing, Whistory, Trickery, Bethery, ree Throuts, and Broken Brade.

of whiskey bettles in the stream as I camdown the bank, and, seeing from the expression of his eye as he looked up that he was, as the say in those parts, given to conversation, ventured to ask him a few questions about the politics of the place. "Ab, the times, sir, are itogether changed. Got be with the days of the Wandestordes and Butlers, when an elsetion would best five or six weeks, and every online boose in the county was open all the time They wouldn't be bothering washing bottles in those days. The river was too small to do it: they'd heve to take them to the say (see), Just sok at the kind of members they have now There's Minor Greene lones known as the minor in Ireland, always the minor to the death). Well, he's well enough. He was in the esant Shar Ishen, who was afterward a Judge I the Common Pleas in Englands. Wellfwith meditative melancholy airl, the longest thing I can comember was bringing out a rush light to help his father for to lak for his cars. He was a process server, and they exught him it the act and tak of his cars, the dividend him and, see new, glory be to God, there's his son, and he has ears enough for both of them Mudge Shea was remarkable for the length of his ears). Well, outd Shay died shortly after. I was at his funeral. Some said he died of con-sumption, but more of them said it was from the quantity of processes they made him ate," Those glorious times are indeed past for which my philosophis bettle-washer sorrowed. Elections last but a day now that then lasted weeks. The farcons Galway election of 1826 in which James Daly, afterward Lord Dunsandle, Col. Martin (Humanity Dich), and James Stanton Lambert, the representative of the Claurieurde Interest, were sated for six or seven weeks. Of these James Daly, Sir Robert Peel's second in all his " affairs of honor" (" in such cases," Sir Robert "I would taken ways Dair of Galway: a will be suce either to make you fight or earr rou out of it with flying colors"), received the esond vote of both the other parties. The outest therefore law really between the Martin Interest, long dominant to county, and the Clearlearde interest, whose ing Lord, then but an Earl and first Protestant of his space, had just come of ge, and, having married George Conning's taughter, was eager to assert his position. The voters on the immense Martin and Clangionrd. properites were lorty miles distant on the west ern and eastern sides from the capital town in which alone in those days the voting could is aken, and the Connemara freeholders had to traverse pathless mountain passes and fast nesses for the greater portion of the way, there neing no reads through their wild country parties had to advance presidely like at army, all in one body, preseded by scouts, and upported by strong wings of followers and adperents. As they drew near the expital town and sometimes they were not able to make more than a mile in the day, and not more than three four votes were recorded. Advantage was taken of cuttings through hills through which Christine was so charming, and where Queen they had to pass to hear down rocks and stones; and when they reached the town and head were counted, many of them were battered, and many a poor fellow was noted down by Jess Leonard, the Adjutant-General on the Martin slife, as "missing, murdered, or drowned." It was this election that saw enacted certainly the most terrible seems that even the strange, barbarous annals of Irish electioneering re-

cord. On one of the Sundays occurring Juring the election a number of the Martin voters were billeted in a lot of low, thatched cottages, some what resembling a negro quarter, lying in a large space adjoining the public (Eyro) square waiting for the Monday morning's voting They were supplied with herrings, potatoes and whiskey in abundance, and were passing the evening in dancing jigs to the music of the cian pipers, who had accompanied them from their mountains, when their revelry was interrupted. Suddenly a mob of flerce men and sull flercer women, the butchers of the West and the fishermen of the Cladingh with their wives and daughters, carrying lighted brands, descended on the Connemara quarters, and amid cries of "Burn them down!" set fire to the thatch of the cabins. As the unfortunate voters attempted ing buildings with hurrimnes of stones. Some seventeen were thus ronsted to death, and numbers fearfully scalded. Had it not been for the appearance on the scene of the Twenty-second Regiment, under the command of Col. Sir Hugh Gough, afterward the hero of Ghuznee, and diracted by the High Sheriff, Mathew Thomas Smith, father of our worthy Recorder, Frederick Smyth, who was very popular with all parties, few of the two or three hundred billeted in

these quarters would have escaped. So fascinated was Gough, himself styled in India "Fighting Gough," with the fighting qualities of Galway, that he said: "If I have to sottle down it will be in Galway." On retiring from active military service he remembered his old fancy, and purchased the beautiful seat of Lough Cooter Castle, with estate attached, in

Galway County, now in possession of his son.

The spirit of the time may be gathered from the fact that when the brother of one of the candidates, Mr. Thomas Lambert, was tried for coolly shooting down, in broad noonday, on the public sounce, a voter upon the Martin side. he was "honorably acquitted in consideration of the election earing time in which it occurred." Col, Martin bimself, on being written to from England as to who was likely to win, answered 'The survivor:" and a few days before the election, attended by his kinsman, Sir John O'Finhertie, he shot in a duel a gentleman named Jordan. He was engaged in three affairs of honor after its close. Daly and Martin were the victors, but the Colonel was unsented on petition, innumerable cases of personation being proved. It was the practice of his agent, when he found a witness hesitating or timid about taking the oath to his being the life in the lease, to put the parchment at once round his waist, saying: " Is not your life in the enso now?" As may well be credited, neither Col. Martin nor Mr. Lambert survived the election. The one died at Boulogue, the other at Buckstone, both poor and in exile. Their properties have passed to strangers. Indeed, elections, more than any other cause, have been

the ruin of the old Irish gentry. It was with the remembrance of these wild sports of the west and of the fame of Galway as the pride of Irish electionsering fields full in my mind, that I rejoiced in the circumstances which gave me the opportunity to witness a Galway election in 1847. Though shorn of much of the barbarous splenders of its predecessor in 1862, that election still retained some of the charming features of the olden time The Duke of Wellington says that no man can describe a battle or a ball; he might have added, or an election. Certainly an Irish election of the olden time is indescribable. One can merely gather amusing or exciting incidents, and let them group themselves in the same disorder with which they occurred.

The contest of 1847, which was occasioned by the death of Sir Valentine Blake, lay between the late Chief Justice Monahan, then Attorney-General, and Mr. O'Flaherty, a popular landed proprietor of the county, and belonging to the historic Galway family of that name. The Attorney-General was a man of rude speech. rather cearse manners, but of kindly heart, and a very able black-letter lawyer. Some idea of his character may be formed from his exclamation to Lord Carlisle, who mentions it with great enjoyment in his private journal, on hear ing of an appointment he did not relish: "Oh,

bloody wounds!" There were circumstances which gave to this I flats. Gorvase Busho, at the head of his Seventh

election an attractive algaineance. It occurred out of the general election, and standing alone, had no rival to interfers with the public inter-Then it was the first Irish election occur In 1840 I put up for a night at the Club ring sines the secession of that band of patricts who, following O'Brien's plume, forsook O'Con-House of Klikeway, a quaint, kindly old inn with a pleasant semi-rural air. In the mornnell's old saspeistion, its ingenious wiles and ts magnificent humbug, and was really to dofrom Labrallad down to the banks of the Suir on termine whether or not O'Council's old Litchwhich the Cottle of the Ormondes looks lovingly, field House policy of entering into a compact near which Tyrone Power moned his boylens. with the Wides and putting Repoal for a time of those "boys of Kilkerny" of whom Power to rest was to prevail. O'Connell, it is well known, tayored such a policy, and would prob song with such gay delight was washing a lo ably have dared it to his more vigorous man tood; but, bowed and broken as he then was he fenred to encounter the strong current of antional feeling. A deputation, therefore, con sisting of Michael Crean, Tom Stoole, and a Mr Fitzpatrick, who Immediately after received a Whist appointment on the Gold Coast, was sen down to support the popular candidate from

For a while they were seen, but in a very little

while they were not soon. Happening to put

up at Kriroy's flotel, the famed rendezvous o

Oniway, they, of course, came under the genial influence of its magnificent Benifice, who was

Conciliation Hall.

one of the most remarkable men of his day, be ing a claimant to the oldest barony in Ireland having defeated Molyneux, the boxor, dragooms; that's something. But there's Ser- | and having performed leaving feats on his black mare, which are spoken of among sporting men even in Galway, celebrated, like Argos of old, for its noble stoods and eauteous women, with pride and wonder. T these qualifluctions he added the all-essential one for "the man for Galway " of never having punished less than aventy-two tumblers of punch on ordinary nights. On dress parades be doubled the quantity. The deputation direct with Kilroy the day of their arrival. The morning after the banquet an old Conciliation priest, calling to give them welcome, found Creen fled and Fitzpatrick and honest Tom stretched beneath the table, the latter's blossom in full blow beneath the morning sen, and his faded velvet Repeal cap, with golden band, lying at some distance, a sad symbol of this ruined party. Above them the lord of the otel sat calmly at his hospitable table, a tumt bler of unfinished punch before him. Pointing to the slain, he said: "Forty tumblers, look lowe on them. Are not you proud of your townsman?" This deputation was seen no more The Young Ireland delegation, on the othe hand, comprised a group of men all of whom at terward made more or less of a mark in their time. There were Michael Joseph Barry, John Mitchel, the stout heart of Michael Doheny the bright presence of Thomas Francis Meagh-er, John B. Dillon of the calm, noble face, and ooked, with his dark features and Hidalgo air native of the old Spanish town to the man er born, who might have leaped from the can as of Velasquez. With them, too, came, as a pecies of legal Ulysses, a Dungannon solicito: fine, guliant fellow in every sense, named Villiam O'Hara. Occasionally the Irish gentry brow a younger son into this generally rather easly society of solicitors, to give it a dash of due blood. O'Hara was one of these. The The town caught their enthusiasm, which swep verything before it.

Meagher, in some very interesting unpul stied recollections of his life, which we trus ny soon delight and amuse the public, gives some graphic pictures of the scenes that camunder his own eye at this election. It was a flerce, confused contest. Night and day the ombatants were at work. From dawn to sun own the battle surged and thundered around ie court house. From sundown to dawn the centre, the lane, the old Spanish streets and houses of the city, the suburbs, the roads all around, were scenes of furious action. On the day of nomination the streets war taken possession of by pickets of soldiers, while the Seventh Hussars trooped through the town

from early morning. They bore themselves

however, with groat patience and good humor

Indeed, the military, in contradistinction to the

constabulary are always most popular with Irish mobs. In this instance they could do nothing in the face of the terrifle mass of men who oe cupied the town. The patriot mob of the town alone, which numbered some thousand or two was headed by Mowgan, a special friend of Mengher's, whom the latter admiringly scribes. He was upward of six feet high and of huge limbs. His shoulders were broad enough to carry a dray, while the girth and shape of his arm realized what has been told us of the colosest pugilist of Crotons. He was the image of Hugh, in "Barnaby Rudge and bore himselt pretty much as Hugh did it the Gordon riots. Every inch as sinewy and large, he was as wild and shaggy in appear ance and as desperate in his onslaughts. His exploits on the day of nomination were asding. He seized four men round the neel with his right arm and crushed them together as if they were walnuts and he a nut-cracker. At another time he pulled a big sergeant o hussars clean off his horse-saddle, saddle cloth, and all-with one jerk at the trooper' spurred heel. About 12 o'dlock one night h called on O'Hara. Creeping inch by inch softly into the room on tiptoe, he stood with his battered hat in his hand, his brown mop of hair strewed about his face and shoulders, and its coarse shirt spattered with mud and torn open from his throat, the very picture of a Rap paree outlaw. "I'm done for," said Mowgan What's the matter?" said O'Hara, who had formed a tender friendship for him. Moweau straightened himself up, twirled his hat twice threw back with his left hand a dozen brown finkes off his face, and leaning over toward the table where his confidential adviser was sitting in a whisper informed him that there were eleven actions begun against him for battery an assault. "What am I to do?" said be. "Make them a dozen," said the bold attorney. Without saving a word, but with a comical shrug. Mow gan descended the stairs, plaintively whistling He made them twelve. He was the terror of every man of the Government party.

The male mob was sustained by a female one

whose principal duty was to exercise that or gan in which woman most excels, in slanging the opposing candidate, and polting him with dead cats and delicacies of that nature. They of course, had a leader, called "Biddy the Roarer." She was of large, one might say onormous, stature; she measured over five fee en inches in her stockings, which article however, she seldom spoiled, preferring the free action of the foot. Her dress was a single upper garment of linen, and another below red flannel, resembling a Highlander's kilt ample but short. She were neither cap nor comb. Her head resembled the cost of an un kempt water dog. On the other hand, her face was decidedly handsome and of the pure Irish type. See had large deep bins eyes, approaching to violet, while her teeth were of a pearl white. Her complexion, at some former period must have been soft and beautiful, but exposure to wind and whiskey had given that bronzed look one sees in sailors. She generally carried in her apron a supply of stones and a couple of dead cats, with one of which she saiuted the Attorney-General. But to these town mobs or the day of nomination was added a horde still more terrific from the country. They made their appearance bearing green boughs, and looking ike another Birnam wood coming to Dunsinans Meagher and the young Irelanders exulted in the sight, the grandest episode of the campaign. The Moycuilen lads, under Meagher. were stout-limbed, tall, wild, free-and-easy fellows. They had their brown frieze coats, corduroy breeches open at the knee, Connemarra stockings, and black felt hats, in the bands of which they wore sprigs of laurel. The ringing whoop and springing jump they gave whenever it was necessary to emphasize their enthusiasm or deflance were enough to scare the boldest heart in broadcloth. Tenants of Anthony O'Fisherty, and prosperous tenants, too, they were in this conflict stauch and florce henchmen. As they swept up to the court house policemen levelled their bayonets to keep them back. The Claddagh men, driven up and flattened in their blue flannel shirts and oilskin hats, against the horses on either side, shouted and shook their

Husanra, with his doeskin granulet, vainly beckoned to them to retire. Neither for pollcemen with their stinging bayonets, nor for Onddagh men with their sinews strung by Government, nor for Bushe with his doeskin gauntlet, did the Moyeullen men care a cabbage stalk. What over came they deshed through it. Up flew the binck felt hats with the laurel leaves, round and about whirled the blackthorns, away, far off, broke the shouts of the Moyeullen men. On they swept through bristling police and raving Claddagh boys, whiskered and furred hussars, through overything foul and fair that got in the

way ; on they swept, headlong and resistless, Many a voter of high and low degree, many a lord, many a rude titler of the soil ran or skulked before their impetuous charge and thrilling cheer. Fine linen and foul rags were all the same to them. Landlord, attorney parson, the highest and the haughtic st, tell their rough force, qualled before their stormy threats, or with disordered garments cried to them for quarter. If they ever retired before soldiery and police, they did so in compact order, showering stones and every other missile on the bayonets and sabres. So florce, during, and desperate were they that, at the request of the High Shortff and military commandant, their master had to order them to leave the town. They did so with a tempest of hurrahs, twirling and clasting their tough blackthorns above their heads and shoulders, bounding like maddened deer, and driving the Ciaddagh men into their settlement before them.

The Claddagh men stied with the Government. Up to the eve of nomination considered doubtful, on the morning of that day they were decided. The night before they had ocen bribed. Poor, ragged, and hungry, their votes and voices were on sale. The Government had the purse. With them comfort, even for an hour, was an incentive infinitely more tempting than the brightest political future which popular orators could prophesy. The Moy-cullen men stood by O'Fisherty for love. The Ciaddagh mon stood by Monahan by contract. The contest was unaqual. Driven back into their factnesses after a few hours' fighting, they never ventured out during the remainder of the election. The O'Finherty's followers held possession of the town. But the bribers was not confined to the poor

Claddagh men. There were few of any class

who voted for Monahan that had not been

bribed. A baronet, Sir Thomas Blake, received

\$200, and a Doputy Lieutenant, Nicholas Lynch. £400, for their respective interests, and they drove their tenants to the pells like sheep. An officer who was for some time quartered in the town, and who was popular among the people, told me some time after the election that he found a note on returning from duty one eventhe from a particular friend in the Monahan camp, begging the as the greatest favor, to come to their leading arent's room. "I went," he said to me, " in uniform as I was, and found a settled gloom on the faces of those gathered there. 'Well,' I said, shaking hands with my friend, who had been very kind to me and was a very respected county baronet, what can I do for you?' It appeared there were some nineteen voters, a sort of club pre sided over by Garry Pearce, a coffin maker, and a notorious political secondrel. They had promised to vote for O'Flaherty, but seeing money going freely on the other side they in timated that they 'might be come at.' and as I was on rather good terms with this fellow Pearce, the barenet asked me to approach him. I'll do my best, but you must hold me harm less,' said I to my friend, pointing to my uni form. He grasped my hand. Do this for me and I will promise you any favorthe Government can confer.' 'My dear sir,' hurriedly exclaimed the conducting solicitor, 'you shouldn't say such a thing; it might invalidate the election.' I could not help smiling The moment I left the house I bent my stens to a public house, hallowed by bribery All the doors were shut but one, and at that stood the man I wanted, 'Well, Mr. Pearce, aid I, 'how do you think the election will go? He looked at me with a keen, searching giance, and suddenly spitting in his hand and extending it, said, 'What's the money? Have you got the 19?' 'I have; what will they take?' they're worth £25 apiece, and I must get an extra £10 for myself. The money must be paid to-night.' 'That won't do,' said I; '£20 each, and \$10 extra for soif. Half notes to-night, and the others to be in my possession until each man has voted.' 'Agreed, Captain. When will you see them?' He looked at me with a most comical look, half closing one aye, and, beckoning to me, led the way out of the room. We went out, and after two minutes' walk he stopped be ore a window and gave a peculiar tap. The door opened, and to my surprise I found the eyes of the 19 independent voters fixed on me. Each had a tumbler before him; a huge bottle of whiskey stood on the table, and a large kettle e are. The bargain wa By means like these the Attorney-General was returned by a majority of four, to sit but three months. Then O'Fiaherty was elected without opposition, and sat for many years. I should say that Mowgan escaped the penalty of his many batteries through the Court's Ignorance of Irish habits and the pet names of its weapons of war. The election cases were tried before Judge Ball, a most gental and gentle Judge, who had been purely an equity lawyer loading and respectable witness swore that all Mowgan carried was "a bit of a twig," an on being questioned as to what he did in one of the most aggravated cases of battery, answered He morely laid his claypankin (a pet name for a blackthorn) softly on him." not fail, gentlemen," said the Judge in charg ing, "to give due consideration to the testimon; of this witness who has sworn that in the verneat of the fight the prisoner softly laid a clear napkin on the battered man; an act of tender humanity which should now stand him in good account." Mowgan was nonorably acquitted,

THE COLOSSUS OF ROADS. Colt that Measures Ten Peet from his Shoe

to the Tips of his Enre. "Colossus" is the name that has been given to what is, so far as has been discovered.

the largest horse in the world. The animal has just been brought to this city from Buffalo. Colossus is twenty-two hands high, and man, to be able to stand on the ground and look over the highest part of his back, would have to be about 7% feet tall, or like Chang, the Chinese giant. When he is in harness and "checked up." his ear tips are ten feet above the level of his show. This mammoth horse was born in Erio County, Ohio. His sire was below the medium size, weighing about 1,300 pounds. His dam was very small, weighing, it is said, only 950 pounds. Thus Colossus's father and mother together weighed 2,250 pounds, while their son sione, when in good condition, weighs 2.500 pounds. When four years old a Cleveland coal dealer bought the colt, thinking he would do exceedingly well in hauling heavily laden coal carts up and down the streets of that city. But almost the first time that this indignity was attempted on him the monster celt ran away with the load of coal, and in crossing a bridge broke it down and tumbled through. In this accident he received a severe injury to one of his hind logs, from which he has never wholly recovered. After several more efforts to make the animal earn his living by hard work, he was given up for a good-for-nothing, and soid at a low price to a man living near Dunkirk. In this State. This man failed in business, whether it was on account of his being the owner of so much dead weight in Colossus or not, is at present unknown. A "hired man" had a claim against the owner of the horse and a mortgage on the horse himself. To satisfy this claim as far as possible, the horse was offered for sale by auction. This hired man bid on him, and got him for \$15. This hired man what a state had evidently intended him for. He made a "show" out of him, travelled all through Ohio with him, and made grous means. do exceedingly well in hauling heavily laden

evidently intended him for. He made a "show" out of him, travelled all through Ohio with him, and made much meney.

In October last Colossus fell sick, and the owner, fearing he was going to die, sold him at a low price to a Buffalo man. Colussus suffered a goed deal in his journey from Buffalo, and is now in a stable in Houston street, caling his three picks of oats a day and doing nothing.

The little hired man was formerly owned him is still retained to take care of him. His work consists mainly in gesting up each morning at 4 o'clock and taking Colossus out for a five-mile walk. In these early morning rounds tho anim dexities the wonder, sometimes the fear, of such persons as are obliged to be out at that hour. Sober men wonder why so small and delicate a man should walk when he has such a ciant of a horse to rids.

KUNDEAMS.

-The Rev. Mr. Weatherwax is holding rvangelical meetings near Rimirs. Mr. Weatherwax has

-The Methodist Church is making steady rogress in Denmark. Ten years see there were but two harches of that faith, now there are five. -The army worm has disappeared from

Jour Branch, and new the Salvation Army declares the or of marching on that stronghold of sin -In ten years the Congregational church

at Montelair, N. J., has raised \$120,000 for church as penses, and has given \$40,000 to occavious operations. -The Rev. Mr. Morse of Calais, Maine, was supposed to have does need ittmself, but it is now as certain d that, being immersed in fluencial unpleasant nesses, he has sought rest and retirement in Canada. He omitted to say where he was going. -The Baptists at Red Bank, N. J., will

this werk open a novel basear in a large wooden build-ing which has been erected for the purpose. This structure is 100 feet wide and 150 feet long, and will contain quite as great a variety of miscellaneous merchandles as any city church fair. The church membership is 370. -The Baptists of this city are happy in the successful opening of the Gospel Tent on Second avenue. Nearly 2,500 journey were assembled ouder the canvas last Sunday, and quite as many are expected to-day. The brothern who have this suterprise in band-began it with a knowledge that the people want the best that is to be had. The ablest orators and the bligger guns of the Hapflet Church may be expected at the tent during the somme

-Talmage will to-day receive into the Brooklyn Taberfacie about 200 new members, making over 600 during the present month. Evangelist Hard son, who has been intering in the Tabernacle for ter weeks, will deliver his tarewell address. To morrow afternoon the Brooklyn Presbytery will hold a meeting in the Tabermele. It is not expected that this gatherin of the Presby tertal forces will be otherwise than peaceful The brothern who used to stir up the strite are supposed to be passing a senson of collectastical rustication.

-The First Presbyterian Church of Providence, R. I. is suffering bad y for the want of about \$12,000, which must be reased by December next In case of failure to provide this sum the church building. which cost \$38,000, will be sold by the Shertif's auction eer. The church was organized in 1872, and, with the exception of its continual struggle with debt, has enjayed a tair amount of prosperity. It is a comfort to know that in case this church should be wiped out firers is an atomication for one for all its members in its Congre-gational churches and others. Hardly any city is more bacally supplied with churches than Provide

-St. Mark's Episcopal Church at Islip is the gift of William K. Vanderbilt to the Diocess of long Island. At its consecration, a few days ago, over \$100,000 worth of diamonds were were and many cleans equipment were drawn up before the door. The church is built in Gothic style. It is rich with stained glass, the principal window being embeliahed with a polychromatic representation of St. Mark and his float. The interior of the church is fluished in hard wood, principally oak and walnut. The organ, which sout 2000. is the gift of the organist, who is a wealthy broker. The church is not a large one, but makes up in costly flaish and elegant adornment what it lacks to si-

-The West Pawlot Baptist Church in Vermont now lies a heap of charred ruins, and its people are ismenting the fact that there was no insurance. It is the most uninsured Baptist church which has been burned within a few weeks, the others loing at Milion and at Springbow, both in Pennsylvania. If this kind of special providence continues, insurance policies will be in demand among press parelle who have neglected them. It has been proposed to make church treates individu-ally liable for loss when a church is burned which they have neglected to insure. There would be no possib of enforcing this hability except by mutual agreement, as the trustees neither receive salaries nor give bonds for the faithful performance of their duties.

-Nearly 200 delegates have gone from his country and Canada to take part in the Rabort Raikes celebration in England. Some of these are emi-ment orators whom the British brethren will be glad to hear, and some are men who cannot open their menths before an audience. Some are leaders in Sunday school work, and others are men whose names would never have been heard of except for the fact that the Raikon celebration and their trip to Burope come off at the same time. The London meetings begin to morrow at the Guildhalf, with a choral service at St Paul's Cathedrs in the evening. The International Convention will hold its sessions until Friday evening, when Spurgeon will deliver a sermon on Sunday school work and progre Faturday the memorial statue in honor of Robert Raikes, which is on the Thames embankment, will be unveiled

-The Rev. Moses W. Hoge, D. D., of Richnord, who is travelling in Palestine, suffered the loss of nearly all the contents or his truns. The third was found to be the soldier who had been appointed to guard the property. He would not have been discovered but for his wife. She said he was a bad tenow, and so she in formed on him in order to be revenged. Scorly all the officials in the Holy Land are bad. The lax gatherare probably the worst. They require a landholder produce to be piled up before them. Then they appraise it, and levy the tax on the amount they appraise. There s no appeal from their decision, and the small farmers know them too well to raise any objection to their proedings. From unhappy experience they know that ness officials, if hindered from taking what they want will take the whole lot, and leave the suffering owners

without any redress. -The Chinese Tract Society recently held its second anniversary at Shanghal. The Chiness version of the hymn "From Greenland's ley arountaine" was sung with most unmusical effect, but with powerful earnestness on the part of those who lifted their voices to loin in it. The Rev. Bau Taib Dase said that if religion is in various parts of the empire. Although the spokes tialects of China are widely different, one written tan guage prevails throughout the empire, and is understood in all the eighteen provinces. This makes the work of the Tract Society particularly practicable. The society has forty trustees, half of which are natives, the other half being missionaries of various denominations. The doctrines taught in the tracts are such as all sects can agree upon. Liberal donations have been received from a number of sources, principally in England, and the work is pushed on in good style and with promise of large success.

-A minister in New Hampshire, whose salary was \$300 a year, has been dismissed by his con-gregation in a manner which he contends is a violation of their contract with him. So great is their desire for a essation of his services that they have closed the church and locked the door against him. He maste that he will collect his salary from this hard heartest and un-grateful people. Therefore he writes two new sermons very week, and on Sunday marches to church with them, ready to defiver them if the people will but listen. He thus makes a legal tender of the discourses, and takes witnesses with him to prove his intention and ability to perform his part of the contract. The frame of mind in which this reverend gentleman finds himself while com-posing these legal-tender sermons must be such as to make it a fortunate thing for the people that they are not empelled to hear them. It seems strange that an educated man should be willing to go through several months of this unique sort of sermonizing for a possible chance of something less than a dollar a day, and with a great probability of being nonsuited out of even that pittance

-At the prayer meeting of a fashionable Brooklyn church on last Frainy evening, an old gentle-man who had just come from New Jersey told the peo-ple of the great need of rain felt by the farmers of that state. Then he asked the brethren to pray for immediate showers, in order that the grain might not be enurely parched up. He was followed by a brother just arrived from Wisconsin, who announced that in his part of the country there was no need of praying for rain, for hey had suffered from such copious rain falls that many of their farms were under water. He told them, how-ever, to be comforted in view of the possible destruction of the hay and grain crop of New Jersey, for the yield of such things in Wisconsin was so great that the New Jer-ey farmers could buy of their Wisconsin brothers at ex-ceedingly low prices. The old gentleman, as the repre-sentative of his New Jersey friends, could not exactly see he equity of this, nor understand where the Jerseymen should find comfort in having to buy, even at low prices, what they had expected to resp from their own farms. The brother who next led in prayer was somewhat emparrased, but he made it all right by thanking the Lord for the superabundant harvests of Wisconsin, and offer-New Jersey farmers.

-Bishop Fallows has adopted a plan for attracting aftention to his Reformed Episcopal church in Chicago which will probably fill the house during the number. He has engaged representative men from the leading denominations to deliver discourses, setting forth their reasons for holding the doctrines to which they are attached. The Rev. Dr. Lorimer, whose name has been e conspicuously before the world, and who has recently had \$1,000 added to his salary, will tell why he is a Hap-tist. The Rev. Dr. Ninds will explain his reasons for being a Methodist. Bishop l'ayae, who is a leader among he African Methodists, will present the arguments to his peculiar shade of Methodism. It is not expected that he will win many converts from among the white people. Prof. Peabody will show why he believes Unitarianism the best of all religions. Dr. F. L. Pation, who is known as one of the most valiant defenders of orthodoxy as he understands it, will stand up for Presbyterianism. The tov. Dr. Goodwin of the First Congregational Church will expound Congregationalism. One of the most bril-liant lights of Swedenborgianism will commend the mys-teries of his faith, and Bishop (Theney will sum up by endeavuring to show that the Reformed Rpise paliana are marer right than any other section earth. It would be a profitable subject for discussion to settle exactly what will be the doctrinal state of the man who, having tistened all summer to this sort of a course, finds limited at the close of the season wondering if any of the denomi-nations are exactly right in their fault and practice,